



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF

Netterville:

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER. XXII.—(continued.)

CLARA took up a book, yet unable to trace the lines; she threw it on a table—the sound of the carriage reached her—she ran down stairs and flinging herself into it, burst into tears—"Where," cried she, "is my so much boasted fortitude now? where that composure which could speak peace to my afflicted friend?—O, Netterville! Netterville where art thou?"—In the midst of terrifying doubts, and distracting apprehensions, she reached Cavendish square; and hastily alighting, ran into the house-keeper's room—there was no one in it but the still woman, and of her she enquired for Lady Newark—"O, she is much, much better!" cried the woman, "she had a letter from the young lord, and my lord is returned; she is now almost quite well."—"Heaven be praised!" said Clara, "Heaven be praised!" her full heart at once overflowing. "I will hasten and congratulate my friend on this relief to her anxiety; and she attempted to rise, but the tide of happiness had rendered her weak and tremulous, she requested the woman to give her a glass of water, which having drank, she soon became composed enough, to ascend to the apartment of her friend.—Lady Newark extended her hand towards her—"My sweet girl!" cried she, "my lovely Clara, how glad am I to see you! O, I have been so hurried, so agitated, so distracted!—it is now past."

"My Katie," said Lord Newark, "we will banish the remembrance of it, and look forward to the explanation which my son bids us expect from Miss Walsingham."—"From me, my lord! does your son refer you to me for an explanation?"—"Here is his letter," said Lady Newark, extending it towards Clara, "read it my love."—The varying crimson fled from the cheek of our heroine, as she took the letter, and read as follows:—

"MY EVER BELOVED PARENTS,

"LET not the unaccountable absence of your son alarm you—let not the reports you may hear of his strange and ungovernable frenzy terrify you—it is past—a long night of watching has brought me to a sense of my folly;—has taught me to recollect, that I ought not, while blessed with so many reasons for thankfulness, to throw from me all the good gifts of Providence, merely because one which I had set my vain wish on, is denied me.—I have reasoned my heart into some degree of fortitude, and hope soon to be able without regret, to subscribe to this line of the poet, that, "Whatever is—is right."

"Such is the gloomy state of mortals here,
We know not what to wish, or what to fear:

—We go astray

In every wish, and know not how to pray;
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, yet wish'd for more;
Rais'd a top-heavy tower of monstrous height,
Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath its weight."

"I am going to Clanrick-Hall, in Scotland, and hope soon to be joined there by my tender and affectionate parents.—Miss Walsingham can explain this mystery."

CLANRICK."

Lord and Lady Newark, both looked at Clara, as if demanding an explanation

—"Your son loves me," said she hastily, casting her eyes on the ground, her face covered with blushes—Lady Newark took her by the hand, "And can Lord Clanrick—can my son love unsuccessfully?" asked she; "Have you, then, Miss Walsingham, been the means of driving him from us?" Clara, now raised her eyes, and fixing them earnestly on the countenance of Lord Newark, she fell at his feet, exclaiming—"Tell me, my lord, am I not his sister—the sister of Clanrick, and your daughter?" Lord Newark raised her in his arms, appeared for some moments to ruminate, and then said—"You are not, my love, in the slightest degree related to either of us."—"Yet, my lord, you once—you yourself once, told me, that I was the sister of Mathuen."—"It is so," said Lady Newark, "we can explain all this to your perfect satisfaction—Was it on this account my son left us?"—"It was," answered Clara.—Lord Newark quitted the room.—"Give me your confidence, Clara," said her ladyship, as she closed the door—tell me, my lovely friend, that Clanrick shall not sigh in vain!" Clara, while trembling with emotion and agitation, pressed the hand of her friend, and replied—"Your Lewisham, Lord Clanrick, cannot be an unsuccessful pleader—does not my emotion, my confusion speak for me—does not my trembling agitation inform you, that, once convinced that no fatal bar separates us, I shall rejoice in acknowledging my attachment to him."—Lord Newark now entered the room, and giving our heroine a bundle of papers, he requested her to peruse them at her leisure.—Clara, being now a little composed, informed her friends, of the termination of her attendance in St. Martin's; and Lord Newark insisted, that

she should send orders to her maid to make proper arrangements, and take up her abode in a family, of which he soon hoped to behold her a member.—“I will hasten,” continued he, “to your good aunt Gertrude, and I will endeavour to calm her apprehensions, by reading the will—if she be left without a provision, my Clara must do something handsome for her.”—Clara acceded to this proposition, and his lordship left them.

A few hours terminated Miss Nutcombe's suspense—on opening the will of the deceased, Lord Newark found that she had a bequest of ten thousand pounds; he invited her to accompany him and his lady to the north, as he hoped her niece would; ere their return to the metropolis, become the wife of his son; consequently, her presence would be proper at the ceremony.—Miss Nutcombe, being in the best of all possible humours, consented. The house in St. Martin's, was to be left to the care of old Zephania, who was to remain in it until Clara's return; when he was to be exalted to the enviable situation of her own footman.

In a few days, Miss Nutcombe contrived to steal from her “dear friend,” Lady Frisk, her Orlando; and was never tired of extolling her new acquisition.—Lady Newark found it would be more than a month, ere matters could be entirely arranged for the journey; and the day after Clara's confession, she wrote as follows to her son:—

“PREPARE your mind, my best Lewisham, for wonders! Prepare yourself for happiness unspeakable! You will soon see your father and myself, attended by one, who cannot fail to bring felicity to the heart of my son—Clara, is not your sister! We shall soon be with you.—She shall become your wife! I shall grow old amongst my children's children.—O, Lewisham! what a tide of bliss, flows in on my full, my maternal heart!—You shall know all when we meet.—Happy discovery! Fortunate predilection?—Clara alone, of womankind, is the daughter of my choice.

“My son, be happy, and make the heart of your affectionate mother, sing for joy.—

“KATIE NEWARK.”

As soon as the household of Lord Newark were retired to rest, Clara took out the papers he had given her, and hastily opening them, burst into tears, for she beheld the hand-writing of her mother!—

She read as follows in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE HISTORY OF

MRS. WALSHINGHAM,

Written by herself, and addressed to her Daughter.

I WAS born in affluence, nursed in the lap of indulgence, cherished with fond maternal solicitude, bred a quaker.—My father, who possessed immense wealth, had me early instructed in every qualification our sect are permitted to acquire; yet suffered me not, in one single instance, to go beyond the line of rigidness marked out by it; hence it was, that though I possessed a sweet voice, and a remarkable ear for music, I was never permitted to improve the one, or cultivate the other.—My mother, meek, gentle, and amiable, submitted implicitly to the commands of her husband; and his temper, naturally severe and unbending, became more so from this submission—the precepts of his sect, added to his prejudices; and while he flattered himself, he practised as well as professed, a religion of peace—he gave himself up entirely to the yoke of bigotry, and a morose and gloomy disposition, which was in reality a total stranger to the charities of christianity.—The strictness of my education, was far from prepossessing me in favour of the religion of my forefathers; on the contrary, it disgusted me, as it appeared from its formal precision, to proceed more from the head than the heart.—I longed, ardently longed, to be emancipated from restraints, which I considered cruel and unnecessary. I viewed, with envy, every person of my own age, of a different persuasion; and being of a lively temper, not unfrequently gave offence to my father, by an imitation of their dress and manners. Those of my sect appeared to me a compound of hypocrisy and meanness. “They profess,” cried I one day to a particular friend, “to despise the pomps and vanities of the world; yet, though they discard gaiety, they are more ostentatiously exact in dressing in the best materials; their furniture is plain indeed, but costly; their houses are the same as those of other people; and in their entertainments is any one luxury spared which can either gratify pride or sensuality?”—When I was about eighteen years of age, Mr. Walsingham came to reside in our neighbourhood—he was handsome in his person, pleasing in his manners, and gener-

ally beloved—his character was spoken of with enthusiasm—wherever I went, Mr. Walsingham was the general subject of conversation, and my young heart eagerly listened to the universal theme—he was a clergyman of the established church—once I had seen him: and being in habits of intimacy with a young girl of my own age, she easily prevailed on me to attend divine service with her, to hear him preach. I feared my father should discover where I had been; nevertheless, I complied, and we sallied forth. How did my young heart palpitate at the solemnity of the scene I then witnessed—how did I compare it with our own sectual meeting—and how did the latter shrink in the comparison. My whole soul was subdued, while Walsingham expounded to us, with distinct and energetic fervor, the divine truths of the gospel—how was my reason convinced while he expatiated and explained, with precision, his own hope in Christ; the frail passions of mortality, mixed not with the sentiments of religion and piety, I then felt; and I returned to my own habitation, convinced of the erroneousness of my own faith, and determined to exert myself, the first opportunity, to throw off the trammels with which the native freedom of my mind was shackled. Yet I will not attempt to deny, that I often thought on the graceful and elegant mortal who adorned the sacred profession of which he was a member; although, believe me, he had no weight in fixing my plans. I consulted the rector of the parish, a man of piety and virtue—he strengthened my weak resolution—he persuaded me to be baptized, and himself performed the holy office, which, though conducted with all possible privacy, soon reached the ear of my father. The moment it came to his knowledge, he hurried home; and entering a small parlour, where my mother and myself were seated at work, he addressed me in the following words—“I am informed, friend Mary, that thou hast forsaken the faith of simplicity—that thou hast renounced the religion of thy forefathers—is this true?” I trembled, hesitated, turned pale, yet at length replied—“it is indeed true that I have been baptized—yet, oh my father!” continued I, falling at his feet in an agony of sorrow, “do not, do not cast off thy only child!”—“Thou art no longer my child!” cried he with sternness, “thou art an alien—renounce thine heresy, or fly this dwelling—thou art unworthy of its shel-

ter!" My mother now, with streaming eyes attempted to interpose in my behalf—alas in vain!—"Woman!" said he, sternly, "hold thy peace, learn not disobedience of thy rebellious daughter—leave my presence." This command her gentle spirit dared not dispute; and she retired overwhelmed in affliction. "Mary!" continued my father, in a tone of increased severity, "Mary Nutcombe, quit this place! My house has ceased to be thy house, my people to be thy people, my God to be thy God! Thou wilt find friends in those who counselled thee to this step—depart instantly, thou shalt not rest in this habitation." Oh my father!" cried I, in an agony of sorrow, "canst thou refuse the supplications of an only child?" "I will not hear thee!" replied he, "begone, and leave me;" and he absolutely pushed me out of the house, and shut the street-door upon me. Overwhelmed, for some moments, by the suddenness of the shock I had received, I remained for some time in this situation, unconscious of my own strange appearance; for I had neither hat or cloak, and it rained violently. A voice at length aroused my attention—it was Mr. Walsingham's. "Miss Nutcombe!" cried he, "is it possible? You will certainly bring on a fit of illness, by being thus regardless of your safety—give me leave to hold this umbrella over you, till your servant comes to the door." I started, almost shrieked, and then burst into tears. "Suffer me," cried I, "to die—leave me, leave me here, to perish at the door of my cruel father!"—"Good heavens!" exclaimed Walsingham, "what is the matter?—Will you not knock at the door?"—"O! I dare not, I cannot," said I—"my father has cast me off—I will go to the parsonage."—"You will not go in this dress!" said he, with evident surprise—"you have nothing on your head, and it rains dreadfully." I walked on, without heeding him—he followed, still holding his umbrella, over my head, until suddenly recollecting himself, he desired me to take it; and hastily quitting me, he instantly returned with a hat and cloak he had procured—he now insisted on my taking his arm, and we proceeded in silence to the house of the good rector, where, pressing my hand, he wished me a good night, and left me. This was my first acquaintance with your father. The good rector and his wife received me with the affectionate tenderness of parents; and having collected, from my agitation, a confused idea of the

truth, they insisted on my going to bed. Mrs. Nelson herself attended me up stairs, administered a bason of sack whey, and departed. In the state of terror and anxiety in which my mind was, I found it impossible to close my eyes—my soul was oppressed by a variety of contending emotions, until at length, entirely exhausted, I sunk into a confused and disturbed slumber. I awoke in a violent fever—the good Mrs. Nelson watched over me with the tenderest maternal solicitude—she became under heaven, the means of my preservation; and, some time after my recovery, revealed to me the conduct of my father. She had, during my illness, herself waited on him, with the information of my then hopeless state—he repulsed her with rudeness and contempt—"It is," said he, "her own fault—I will never more see her—spare thyself unnecessary trouble.—Get thee hence—Mary has forsaken her own people, and her father's house—she is no longer my child!"—My gentle mother stole out to see me soon after my recovery, she wept over me, and intreated me to change my opinion—"Hast thou not a heart, Mary?" asked she,—"Canst thou behold my grey hairs descend with sorrow to the grave?—Alas! Peace is banished from thy father's house—bitterness of heart dwelleth therein!"—"O my more than mother!" cried I—"Heaven knows that I would sacrifice my best earthly hopes to give either yourself or my father peace; but my eternal happiness—to sacrifice that—it must not, it cannot be!"—"I will not constrain thee, my child," replied she—"by thine own actions thou must ultimately stand or fall—peace be with thee!"—and pressing me to her bosom, she departed. It was not long after this that your father professed himself my lover—he was well acquainted with my story—he was, by me assured, that I had not any expectations from my relentless parent; and he has often told me it was my conduct on this occasion, which fixed his regard. The good Mr. Nelson forwarded his suit, yet I refused.—Mr. Walsingham applied to my father for his consent—he received the following answer:—

"Friend Walsingham,

"THE day in which Mary Nutcombe left my house, that day I ceased to think of her—she is intirely the mistress of herself—perhaps for thy sake she forsook the faith of her fathers."

My mother sent me privately a small sum of money, and her blessing.—"And

will you not, Mary," said the generous Walsingham, "consent to become mine? Your father thus leaving you to your own choice, you stand acquitted to him—even supposing he should ever be reconciled to you, he would never consent to an alliance with any one that was not of his own persuasion.—Ah! what disagreements ever attend the union of different faiths! Perhaps when he sees it is too late to attempt a change, he may at length pardon you."—"Alas!" sighed I—"thou knowest him not."—"But I flatter myself, Mary," said he, "that I know thee;" and he imitated my manner.—"Hast thou not told me I possess thy affection?—Shall not thine innocence find repose in these arms?"—"Alas!" returned I—"I am a beggar!"—"Are we not then equal?" asked he—"for you know I am quite destitute of the gifts of fortune—I offer thee a heart untainted by vice, a name as yet unsullied by dishonour—I will shield thee from the world—I will be to thee the friends thou regrettest.—Shall I not also be the husband of thy choice?" I gave him my hand,—"Thy love is my glory," said I—"thy praise my highest aim.—Heaven grant that thou mayest not be disappointed!" The following week we were united to each other.—This was imprudent.—He had only one hundred a year, and that depended intirely on his being able to perform the duties of his function.—Three children tended not to render us more affluent.—My mother, at this period, was taken ill—she wished to see me—my father at first refused to let me enter his house; but the evident increase of her distemper at length moved him.—I saw her for the last time—she gave me her blessing, she implored me to spare no effort towards softening the heart of my father.—"I will submit to any humiliation, any sacrifice," cried I, "consistent with conscience, to obtain his forgiveness." My mother bade me farewell; her mild eyes suffused with tears—I was scarcely mistress of my feelings—I was but too well convinced that I should in this world behold her no more.—Four days after, she died!—She had, to the last moment of her existence, endeavoured strenuously to persuade my father to change his resolution respecting me—alas! in vain—he continued inexorable—she bequeathed me two thousand pounds, all she could command, unless she had outlived my father.

(to be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

THE Pupils of the *Incorporated Young Ladies' Academy of Philadelphia*, now under the superintendence of Mr. BASSET, on Thursday evening the 25th ult. gave specimens of their improvement in the *art of reading*; when their parents, together with a number of respectable ladies and gentlemen were present. Many judicious selections, and some originals were presented; which, if we may fairly judge by the plaudits of the audience, met with a very flattering reception. The decorum observed by the pupils was highly pleasing; and the distinctness and propriety with which they in general read, entitle them to much commendation, especially when it is considered that the most of the pieces were in manuscript. Several of my friends who were present, being desirous, of seeing the originals in print, requested me to procure copies of them for the purpose of publication in your entertaining paper. This I accordingly have done, with the consent of the Principal, and I now inclose to you the following; in publishing which, you will oblige many of your subscribers. A.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY

In August, 1804;

OR,

HOLIDAY-CONVERSATION,

ON

HAPPINESS.

CHARACTERS.

Rurilla,	Juvenia,	Lucinda,	Vanessa,
Olivia,	Marianna,	Cecilia,	Celestina.

SCENE—*Banks of the Schuylkill*:—TIME—*Mid-day*.

RURILLA.

HOW pleasant—Ladies—are those rural scenes,
Where neither care, nor tumult intervenes!
Here, free from all the City's noise and strife,
We taste the pleasures of the country life.
Delightful 'tis, to sit within these bow'rs,
Amidst this fervor of the noontide hours;
Enjoying the sweet coolness of the breeze,
That balmy breathes among the rustling trees:
While friendly converse all the time employs,
Or music charms with melody of voice.
Delightful 'tis, while here we sit at ease,
To view around the prospects form'd to please:—
Whether the eye pursue the verdant dales;
The wood-crown'd hills; the slow-descending vales;
Heav'n's azure blending with earth's vivid green;
Or red-roof'd domes that variegates the scene;
The silent brook, or purling riv'let trace,
Whose limpid waters shine like liquid glass;
Or follow Schuylkill's winding waves, that flow
With rapid current now, and now majestically slow.
And how delightful will our mornings be,
When we, refresh'd by sleep, from trouble free,
Rise, when the farmer rises to his toils,
Nature to view, while all Creation smiles!
Fann'd by the cooling breeze, to walk along
The groves made vocal by the plummy throng;
Or, by the borders of the meadows stray,
Where countless pearls bedeck the flow'ry way,
Whose vivid spangles twinkle as they glow
With all the colours of th' ethereal bow.
Nor pleasing less shall we the ev'nings find,
Whether to walk, or talk, we be inclin'd:

For, when day's heat is spent, we can return
To those green walks that charm'd us in the morn;
Or to the noontide bow'r again repair,
Again we'll meet reviving coolness there;
For, when the ardors of the day decline,
A common breeze gives feelings doubly fine.
Nor shall the pleasures that we seek e'en fly
When night extends her reign from sky to sky;
She must at times, a higher sceptre own,
A fairer empress on a silver throne:
The Moon's all-cheering beams shall chase away
Night's sullen shades, and give us mimic day;
When nature shall be cloth'd in robes of light,
And ev'ry object brighten on the sight.
Then, when the hour of soft repose draws nigh,
And these fair prospects fade upon the eye;
Night shall resume her reign, her vigils keep,
And bless us, till the morn, with balmy sleep.
Thus, each returning day new joys shall bring;
And, from enjoyment, new-born pleasures spring.
Compar'd with gifts and blessings such as these,
What can the City boast, to charm, or please?
There, care and business rack the mad'ning crowd,
And noise and tumult blinding harsh and loud:
From morn till night, from night till morn arrive,
Waggons, and chairs, and drays, so rattling drive,
That all the music-sounds, we clearly note,
Are—th' hour—fine "oysters"—hot corn!—pepper-pot!"

Or the street-organ's hurdy gurdy trill,
Which is ground out, like coffee from a mill.
There, too, in vain we seek to please the eyes;
For scenes unpleasant ev'ry where arise:
In ev'ry street the heaps of rubbish lie,
And smoke and noisome vapours blot the sky.
There, also, no reviving breezes play:
Stay in the house—you almost melt away;
Traverse the streets—and the Sun's vertic rays
Reflected, seem to wrap you in a blaze.
How strange it is, that men should nature quit,
And change the Farmer's lot, for that of Cit!
Thus huddled up, they do not *live*, but breathe,
And bring diseases on, that hasten death;
And, e'en in their contracted span, ne'er prove
One genuine sweet of friendship, or of love.
Surely, true solid happiness has flown
The pop'lous city, and the crowded town;
And taken up her lasting residence
With peace and solitude and innocence,
Within retirement's wisdom-giving bow'rs;
Where we may make life's choicest blessings ours.

(to be continued.)

KENT ASSIZES.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

ANN HUNT v. SMITH.

MR. GARROW stated, that in this case he certainly had not to present persons of high or exalted situation in life, nor the case of a very young lady, who had been romantically enamoured of her lover, and considered the loss of him as the greatest of all possible evils which could happen to this mortal state: but he had to present to the Jury the case of a decent woman, keeping a small shop, who complained of a Breach of Promise of Marriage, against the Defendant, who was a

man of her own rank and station in life. Although the parties were neither of them very young, yet he knew that the Learned Sergeant on the other side would not contend that a woman at the age of 35 might not fairly look forward to many years of comfort in the matrimonial state. He should prove that the Defendant courted her, and solicited her hand in marriage, to which she gave her consent. He should also prove, that in consequence of this the Defendant himself signed the authority for publishing the banns, as a necessary preliminary to the ceremony. But, however, from some cause or other best known to the Defendant himself, he thought proper to alter his opinion, and he sent a person (no better than his own errand boy) to forbid the banns publicly in the Church, having by this disgraced the Plaintiff publicly before all the neighbours, and for which, of the present action, she sought to recover a compensation from the hand of the Jury.

The first witness called to prove the plaintiff's case was one John Patterson. He begged he might not be interrupted by any questions from the Counsel, and he would state the whole affair. He knew the Defendant very well, he was a stone-cutter, and kept two shops, one at Riverhead, the other at Sundridge. The Plaintiff, the widow Hunt, also lived at Sundridge, where she kept a grocer's and chandler's shop. In the month of February last, Smith told him he thought he should marry again, and that he had found a woman who would suit him. The witness told him that if he was not *quite provided*, he also knew a woman who, he conceived, would be the very thing for him. They then proposed to have a pint or two of beer together at Sundridge, which they did.—The witness then observed, that he would take him to a shop where they would buy a penny-worth of *sugar-candy*, and there he might see the lady herself, of whom he had been speaking. The Plaintiff accordingly went to the shop, but bought a penny-worth of *shag tobacco*, instead of *sugar-candy*. He returned shortly to the witness, and told him he had engaged to go back and drink tea with the lady. The witness, from his ludicrous manner of telling the story, made the case quite ridiculous, and a parley having ensued between the Counsel on the different sides, it was agreed to take a verdict for 10*l.* which was accordingly done.

[Lon. Pap.]

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR, Having found the following account of the Monastic Life, and of the dress and habitations of the Monks, their diet, manual labor, riches, solitude, devotions and visions, by Gibbon, highly interesting, I am induced to believe it will not be less so to many of your readers, I therefore send you a transcription for publication in your useful Repository.

Q.

PROSPERITY and peace introduced the distinction of the vulgar and the ascetic Christians. The loose and imperfect practice of religion satisfied the conscience of the multitude. The prince or magistrate, the soldier or merchant, reconciled their fervent zeal, and implicit faith, with the exercise of their profession, the pursuit of their interest, and the indulgence of their passions; but the ascetics who obeyed and abused the rigid precepts of the gospel, were inspired by a savage enthusiasm, which represents man as a criminal, and God as a tyrant. They seriously renounced the business, and the pleasures, of the age; abjured the use of wine, of flesh, and of marriage; chastised their body, mortified their affections, and embraced a life of misery, as the price of eternal happiness. In the reign of Constantine, the ascetics fled from a profane and degenerate world, to perpetual solitude, or religious society. Like the first Christians of Jerusalem, they resigned the use, or the property, of their temporal possessions; established regular communities of the same sex, and a similar disposition; and assumed the names of Hermits, Monks, and Anchorets, expressive of their lonely retreat in a natural or artificial desert. They soon acquired the respect of the world, which they despised; and the loudest applause was bestowed on this divine philosophy, which surpassed, without the aid of science or reason, the laborious virtues of the Grecian schools. The Monks might indeed contend with the Stoics, in the contempt of fortune, of pain, and of death: the Pythagorean silence and submission were revived in their servile discipline; and they disdained, as firmly as the Cynics themselves, all the forms and decencies of civil society. But the votaries of this divine philosophy aspired to imitate a purer and more perfect model. They trod in the footsteps of the prophets, who had retired to the desert; and they restored the devout and contemplative life, which had been instituted by the Essenians, in Palestine and Egypt. The philosophic eye of Pliny had surveyed with astonishment

a solitary people, who dwelt among the palm-trees near the Dead Sea; who subsisted without money; who were propagated without women; and who derived from the disgust and repentance of mankind, a perpetual supply of voluntary associates.

These unhappy exiles from social life, were impelled by the dark and implacable genius of superstition. Their mutual resolution was supported by the example of millions, of either sex, and of every age, and of every rank; and each proselyte, who entered the gate of a monastery, was persuaded, that he trod the steep and thorny path of eternal happiness. But the operation of these religious motives was variously determined by the temper and situation of mankind. Reason might subdue, or passion might suspend, their influence: but they acted most forcibly on the infirm minds of children and females: they were strengthened by secret remorse, or accidental misfortune; and they might derive some aid from the temporal considerations of vanity or interest. It was naturally supposed, that the pious and humble monks, who had renounced the world, to accomplish the work of their salvation, were the best qualified for the spiritual government of the Christians. The reluctant hermit was torn from his cell, and seated, amidst the acclamations of the people, on the episcopal throne: the monasteries of Egypt, of Gaul, and of the East, supplied a regular succession of saints and bishops; and ambition soon discovered the secret road that led to the possession of wealth and honours. The popular monks, whose reputation was connected with the fame and success of the order, assiduously laboured to multiply the number of their fellow-captives. They insinuated themselves into noble and opulent families; and the specious arts of flattery and seduction were employed to secure those proselytes, who might bestow wealth or dignity on the monastic profession. The indignant father bewailed the loss, perhaps of an only son; the credulous maid was betrayed by vanity to violate the laws of nature; and the matron aspired to imaginary perfection, by renouncing the virtues of domestic life. Paula yielded to the persuasive eloquence of Jerom; and the profane title of mother-in-law of God, tempted that illustrious widow, to consecrate the virginity of her daughter Eustochium. By the advice, and in the company of her spiritual guide, Paula abandoned Rome

and her infant son; retired to the holy village of Bethlem; founded an hospital and four monasteries; and acquired by her alms and penance, an eminent, and conspicuous station in the catholic church. Such rare and illustrious penitents were celebrated as the glory and example of their age; but the monasteries were filled by a croud of obscure and abject plebeians, who gained in the cloyster much more than they had sacrificed in the world. Peasants, slaves, and mechanics, might escape from poverty and contempt, to a safe and honourable profession; whose apparent hardships were mitigated by custom, by popular applause, and by the secret relaxation of discipline. The subjects of Rome, whose persons and fortunes were made responsible for unequal and exorbitant tributes, retired from the oppression of the imperial government: and the pusillanimous youth preferred the penance of a monastic, to the dangers of a military life. The affrighted provincials, of every rank, who fled before the Barbarians, found shelter and subsistence; whole legions were buried in these religious sanctuaries; and the same cause, which relieved the distress of individuals, impaired the strength and fortitude of the empire.

The most perfect hermits, says the historian, are supposed to pass many days without food, many nights without sleep, and many years without speaking; and glorious was the man (I abuse that name) who contrived any cell, or seat, of a peculiar construction, which might expose him, in the most inconvenient posture, to the inclemency of the season.

Among these heroes of the monastic life, the name and genius of Simeon Stylites have been immortalized by the singular invention of an aerial penance. At the age of thirteen, the young Syrian deserted the profession of a shepherd, and threw himself into an austere monastery. After a long and painful noviciate, in which Simeon was repeatedly saved from pious suicide, he established his residence on a mountain, about thirty or forty miles to the east of Antioch. Within the space of a mandra, or circle of stones, to which he had attached himself by a ponderous chain, he ascended a column, which was successively raised from the height of nine, to that of sixty, feet, from the ground. In this last, and lofty station, the Syrian Anachoret resisted the heat of thirty summers, and the cold of as many winters. Habit and exercise instructed him to maintain his dangerous

situation without fear or giddiness, and successively to assume the different postures of devotion. He sometimes prayed in an erect attitude, with his outstretched arms, in the figure of a cross: but his most familiar practice was that of bending his meagre skeleton from the forehead to the feet: and a curious spectator, after numbering twelve hundred and forty four repetitions, at length desisted from the endless account. The progress of an ulcer in his thigh might shorten, but it could not disturb, this celestial life; and the patient hermit expired without descending from his column. A prince, who should capriciously inflict such tortures, would be deemed a tyrant; but it would surpass the power of a tyrant, to impose a long and miserable existence on the reluctant victims of his cruelty. This voluntary martyrdom must have gradually destroyed the sensibility both of the mind and body; nor can it be presumed that the fanatics, who torment themselves, are susceptible of any lively affection for the rest of mankind. A cruel unfeeling temper has distinguished the monks of every age and country: their stern indifference, which is seldom mollified by personal friendship, is inflamed by religious hatred; and their merciless zeal has strenuously administered the holy office of the inquisition.

From the Monthly Anthology.

SINCERITY.

THE advantages of sincerity are so many and so great, that it seems surprising, it is not generally adopted, as a virtue equally useful and amiable. In our intercourse with the world, these advantages are not less valuable, though perhaps less obvious, than in the circle of domestic life, or even in communion with ourselves. Common prejudice, however, I am sensible, strongly contradicts this opinion. Policy, interest, safety itself are generally thought to require affectation, if not deception. Bad men are interested in supporting this opinion; and indeed their system of morality, or rather *immorality*, alone requires the adoption of it in practice. Is a man envious and malignant? Then he must appear *very* benevolent, *very* kind, *very* charitable. Is he a slave of avarice? He must exhort to almsgiving, pretend a marvellous affection for the poor, exhibit his name on subscriptions, and display his hand at public collections

for their relief. Is he a venal office seeker? He must proclaim his patriotism at the corners of streets, and descant in tedious newspaper essays on the incapacity and treachery of rulers and public ministers.

This indeed deceives the ignorant and superficial for a time; but for the honour of mankind and the consolation of virtue it may be said, and attentive observation will confirm the remark, that the world is seldom ultimately deceived by hypocrisy. Sooner or later the veil is removed, and vice appears in native deformity; deformity doubly odious, because unseen and unsuspected.

If I were to reason with a vicious man, and he for once would lay aside his disguise, and disclose his thoughts, perhaps he would reason somewhat in this way: "Attached I must own I am to several vices, which to the world would appear enormous. If I indulge them without disguise, I must bid adieu to all confidence, esteem, or friendship. Not only my station in society, but my very existence depends on concealment. My honours and all the fruits of studied circumspection and hypocrisy during my whole life, would at once be snatched from me; and by whom? by miscreants as vile, but not so imprudent, as myself. The world would not give me credit for an ingenuous avowal; but, judging from the known deceptive art of vice, would ascribe to me a heart hideously deformed in proportion to the sample disclosed." This reasoning is just, as far as it goes. He then states the other alternative. "While I can continue to deceive the world, I shall reap the rewards of genuine virtue. I confide in my own unremitting vigilance to protract the deception as long as I live. At worst, if detected, my punishment cannot be greater, than the consequence of a voluntary avowal would draw upon me." To confute the apparent inference from this dilemma is easy; for it presupposes a *continuance* in vice. Thus it is, the votaries of criminal indulgence are accustomed to reason. With their darling sins they "cannot, cannot part." Though it may shock them to propose so dear a sacrifice, yet I cannot refrain from informing them, how they may escape the unavoidable evils of an avowal, and the irksome restraint, the mental imprisonment of hypocrisy, and the painful apprehension of discovery. The secret is unfolded in two words—**BE VIRTUOUS.**

A FAMILY SKETCH.

MR. WARREN had not been united above a twelvemonth to an amiable young lady, whom he married for love, when he became acquainted with a very chatty, black-eyed little widow, with whom Mrs. Warren happened to sup one night, near their country house. Mr. Warren was a man of much vivacity, and the widow had no inconsiderable share of wit and good-humour; her person was far from being beautiful, but there was something attractive about it, which pleased more than beauty. Mr. Warren was soon entirely attached to her, and paid little regard to any other person when she was present.

Unhappily, Mrs. Warren was a woman of spirit, and could not by any means put up with her husband's miss-applied gallantry. To revenge, therefore, what she considered as a glaring insult to her own accomplishments, she scrupled not to coquet openly with a young lawyer who was often in their parties. Her behaviour, in consequence of her resentment, was, however very unfortunate: it piqued Mr. Warren, and urged him to go on in earnest with a correspondence which had commenced in jest. "Human nature is human nature," according to the celebrated writer, "let the wise say what they will." Mr. Warren, to punish the coquetry of his wife, freely confessed that he was actually *connected* with the widow; and Mrs. Warren, not to be outdone by him, consented to the solicitations of the lawyer, and stayed with him a whole night at his chambers.

The matrimonial bond, when it is once broken, is never to be rejoined. Habituated to a life of infamy, Mrs. Warren in a little time gloried in her shame, and quitted her husband's house. Mr. Warren, on the other hand, to keep himself in countenance, exhausted his fortune upon the artful widow, who never failed to make the most of his ductile disposition. In consequence of these resolutions, the former became a prostitute by profession, and the latter destined to lament his folly in a goal.

NO ADMISSION.

THE late Sir Thomas Robinson, whose company was generally better dispensed with than endured, frequently calling at the house of a gentleman high in office, and not chusing to take the hint of "My master and mistress are out," would often get admission by the follow-

ing pretences, and then wait until the person he wished to see made his appearance. "O, not at home, well, I'll just step in and chat with the children," or, "I'll have a talk with the parrot," or "I'll just take the opportunity of setting my watch by the great clock on the staircase." One morning, however, the servant was prepared; and seeing him from the window advancing towards the house, opened the door the moment he knocked, and keeping it nearly closed, said, in rather a louder tone than ordinary, "O, sir, my master and mistress are both out, the children are all asleep, the parrot is dead, and the clock stands."

ANECDOTES.

IN a great freshet, a farmer's wife was taken in labor, and no person proper to assist her living nearer than seven miles, the good husband rode with the utmost speed to Dr. Rhubarb, whom he begged instantly to go to his wife. The doctor being a knowing one, declared, though his usual fee was two guineas, at such a distance, when no danger appeared; yet now (said he) I must go at the imminent hazard of my life, I shall not budge one foot, unless you agree to give me ten guineas. The farmer in vain remonstrated on his inability to perform such a demand; Rhubarb was inflexible. The honest countryman's love to his Joan rose above every objection, and he at last engaged to raise the money: they got to the farm-house through much difficulty, and in an hour or two the doctor presented the master of the house with a fine boy, and demanded his exorbitant fee: which the farmer immediately gave him and drank each a glass of ale to the boy's welfare.—By this time the flood was greatly increased and real danger threatened the doctor in his return; on which (not being at all acquainted with the way) he entreated the farmer to lose no time in conducting him back. "My friend, (says the farmer) you would not come to help my wife, who was in real distress, unless I promised to give you ten guineas, when only an imaginary danger was before you; but there is now a real hazard in my venturing to show you the safest way back; therefore unless you will give me nine guineas for my trouble in conducting you home, you may abide where you are until the next dry season."—All replies were in vain; no art could make any impression on the countryman. Rhubarb was obliged to return nine guineas;

the farmer landed him safe among his gallipots, and the honest man got well home again, triumphing over inhumanity and avarice.

IN the reign of Charles II. an Italian envoy informed his majesty, that a young Prince in Italy, having married beneath himself, had retired into England, and that his friends requested he might be searched for, and sent back as soon as possible.

The prince hearing of it made himself known to the king, acquainting him that he lived twenty miles from town, in a country retreat, with his beloved Jacintha; and, if his Majesty would afford him his protection, he should be happier there than in the possession of a crown.

The king put a stop to any further searches of the Envoy, and the enamored Prince lived unknown with his Jacintha till their deaths, which happened within six months of one another.

MAHOMETAN CREED.

A CATECHISM has lately been printed at Constantinople for the instruction of children educated in the Mahometan religion. It forms a copious commentary on the tenets of Islamism. The principal articles to which the young Musselman is required to give his assent, are comprised in the following declarations:—"I believe in the books which have been delivered from Heaven to the prophets. In this manner was the Koran given to Mahomet, the Pentateuch to Moses, the Psalter to David, and the Gospel to Jesus.—I believe in the Prophets, and the Miracles which they performed. Adam was the first Prophet, and Mahomet the last.—I believe that for the space of fifty thousand years, the righteous shall repose under the shade of the terrestrial paradise; and that the wicked shall be exposed naked to the burning rays of the sun.—I believe in the bright Sirat, which passes over the bottomless pit of Hell: It is as fine as a hair, and sharp as a sabre. All must pass over it, and the wicked shall be thrown off.—I believe in the water pools of Paradise.—Each of the prophets has in Paradise a basin for his own use; the water is whiter than milk, and sweeter than honey. On the ridges of the pools are vessels to drink out of, and they are bordered with stars.—I believe in Heaven and Hell. The inhabitants

of the former know no want, and the Houris who attend them, are never afflicted with sickness. The floor of Paradise is musk, the stones are silver, and the cement gold. The damned are on the contrary, tormented with fire, and by voracious and poisonous animals."

ADVICE

TO YOUNG UNMARRIED LADIES.

IF you discover a person to be telling an absolute falsehood, unless it is particularly injurious, let it pass in silence; for it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy, by proving him or her.

Never touch the sore place in any one's character, for be assured, whoever you are, that you have a sore place in your own; and a young woman is a flower that may be blasted in a moment.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles,—what a folly then to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, appear at least to do it with reluctance.

Make it a rule to please all, and never appear insensible to any desire of pleasing or obeying you, however awkwardly it may be executed.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill humors on your dog, your cat, or your femme de chambre, than your friends.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would live happy endeavour to promote the happiness of others.

Philadel^a, Nov. 3, 1804.

MURDER!

The Grand Jury of Bergen county, in the state of New-Jersey, have found a bill of indictment for *Murder* against Aaron Burr, for killing Gen. Hamilton in July last, in said county.

Mr. Edwards, in his Natural History of Birds, a work lately published in England, part the fourth, has the following extraordinary dedication:

TO GOD,

The One Eternal! the Incomprehensible! the Omnipresent! Omniscient! and Almighty Creator of all things that exist! from orbs immeasurably great, to the minutest point of matter; this atom is dedicated, and devoted, with all possible gratitude, humility, worship, and the highest adoration both of body and mind,

By his most resigned,

Low and humble creature,

GEORGE EDWARDS.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

COME, O come, thou nightly planet,
 Cloth'd with cheering light celestial;
 Come, dispel the awful darkness,
 Which enwraps the face of nature
 In impenetrable gloom:—
 Come, O thou of night the glory,
 Cloth'd in majesty and splendor—
 Come begin thy nightly journey;
 And a grateful world illumine.
 In the sparkling east refulgent,
 Let thy shining orb dispensing
 Light and lustre to all nature,
 Rise to cheer the tedious night;
 On the water's trembling surface,
 O'er the dark and lonely forests,
 O'er the gloom envelop'd meadows,
 Shed thy mild and "sacred light."
 Yes, thou com'st thou grant'st my prayer,—
 Thro' thy path I see thee rolling,—
 Stars retiring from thy splendors,
 Their late shining orbs conceal.
 Nature now with light array'd
 Glows with mild and solemn lustre;
 Rocks and woods, and falling waters,
 In thy glorious reign rejoicing;
 To the view their forms reveal.
 Night without thy cheering presence,
 Holds a dark and awful reign,
 In its gloom the wand'ring traveller
 Seeks his path, with fear dismayed,
 In anxiety and pain.
 Threat'ning dangers thick surround him,
 Waters deep and dread abysses,
 Yawning, haply to receive him,
 Lie concealed, wrapt in gloom.
 While from some concealed covert
 Starts perhaps the murderous villain,
 And the hapless wretch benighted,
 Meets his miserable doom.
 Night th' dark assassins fav'ring,
 From all—save the eye of heaven,
 The atrocious deed concealing,
 Wrapt around her awful shade.—
 Mariners in darkness sailing
 O'er the vast expanse of ocean,
 Oft, O moon, implore thy aid.
 Lovers leave their gay companions
 And in solitude and silence,
 On some verdant spot romantic,
 Some dear object contemplating,

Pass the hours of woe away—

On thy orb refulgent gazing,
 And the charms which smiling nature
 Glows with 'neath thy cheering ray.

ADELIO.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A READER'S GLEANINGS.—No. IV.

LOVE.

NO muse can paint what playful zephyr shows,
 Nor tell the charms which modesty bestows;
*Not the stiff airs which prudish virtue arms,
 The foes of love, the bane of ev'ry charm;*
 Sweet bashful GRACE, that bends the timid eye,
 Spreads o'er the cheek a lovely heav'nly dye,
 With soft respect Love's wildest transport blends
 And bliss celestial to its triumph lends.

But LOVE does more: for love what pow'r can
 bound

A charm invincible it calls around;
 Deluded mortals seek its tempting shades,
 The secret charm our languid sense invades;
 Around, a stream in lulling murmur flows,
 Of deep forgetfulness and soft repose;
 Bound in its chains no more we seek to move,
 Fame, honour, duty, what are you to love?
 Here all alike the sweet delusion share,
 And breathe delicious poison with the air.
 All whispers LOVE, the birds on every spray
 Prolong the kiss, and swell the am'rous lay;
 The hardy swain, who with the peep of dawn,
 Jocund and careless seek the russet lawn,
 Heaves as he goes involuntary sighs;
 Unusual troubles in his breast arise:
 Beat in his pulse, his loit'ring feet retain,
 Neglected lye the treasures of the plain:
 The same soft charm the trembling maid deceives,
 The flocks forgot, the sheaf unbound she leaves.

Such the delightful entrance of the dome,
 But farther, if with guardless step you roam,
 And thro' the deep recess audacious pry,
 What alter'd scenes of mis'ry strike your eye!

No pleasure form'd in playful groups invite,
 No dulcet sound the ravish'd ears delight,
 No tender cares:—But in their place appear
 Sullen Complaint, and cloy'd Disgust, and Fear;
 There fever'd Jealousy with livid hue,
 Unwinds with flatt'ring steps Suspicion's clew;
 Arm'd with the bloody instruments of death,
 There, Rage and Hatred spread their poison'd breath;
 While Malice, brooding over secret guile,
 Repays their labours with a treach'rous smile,
 Remorse that never sleeps, brings up the rear,
 Hates his own deeds, and drops a barren tear.

There LOVE, capricious child, has fix'd his reign,
 With Pains and Pleasures for his motley train;
 Cruel and kind by turns, but ever blind,
 That dear delight the torment of mankind,
 Which leads the follow'r to the fatal brink,
 Then leaves him to his wretched doom and sink.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

IN woods no more the feather'd throng
 Pour native music on the gale:
 And, heard you not the harvest-song?
 Its last notes linger in the vale.

Where are the walks that blush'd with flowers!
 And where the western breeze that breath'd
 Its pilfer'd sweets to scent the bow'rs
 Which Peace and calm Contentment wreath'd.

Since now no fragrant blossoms blow,
 And Desolation sweeps the ground,
 Come, Winter! teach me how to draw
 A moral from the ruins round.

The sober thought, to virtue dear,
 Thy dreary walks shall furnish still;
 Still sweetly, on thy pensive ear,
 Shall fall the murmurs of the rill.

Oft through yon desolated grove,
 Where many a faded flow'ret lies?
 At evening's shadowy hour I'll rove,
 Regardless of the frowning skies.

And oft I'll to the lonely dell,
 Or to the russet heath repair,
 To hear the distant village-bell
 Sweet vibrate on th' expanse of air.

If, on the wild wing of the blast,
 The Demon of destruction fly;
 May then some rush-light, o'er the waste,
 With friendly beam, direct the eye.

Adieu! ye glitt'ring scenes, adieu!
 That stole my heart from Peace and Truth!
 That promis'd pleasure, while you threw
 Illusive splendor o'er my youth!

TIME, to all pictur'd bliss a foe,
 Proclaims, as thro' its wastes we range,
 That all our joy is absent woe,
 And all our life progressive change!

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